

"Your words and ways were strange she said"

But now 'tis plain. You've read  
That wondrous book, which unexplained  
Has turned your little head.

How dearly when a little child  
I loved that pilgrim tale  
But then t'was all explained to me  
And if you can prevail  
On your kind Aunts to let you stay  
Some time with us, my dear,  
We'll talk about that precious book  
And try to make it clear.

And now we'll turn to Marian's home  
And see what's passing there,  
The servants all had company,  
And a merry group they were.  
They had not missed our pilgrim long  
For they knew she oft did play  
In that old garden, with a book,  
The livelong summer day.

At last said one with wondering eyes,  
"Where can Miss Marian be?  
Dinner was in her basket packed  
But sure she'll come to tea."  
They sought her here they sought her there  
But could not find the child.  
And her old Aunts, when they came home  
With grief were nearly wild.

The servants and the neighbors too  
In different ways were sent.  
But none thought of the narrow way  
By which our pilgrim went.  
"Perhaps she followed us to town,"  
One of her Aunts then said.  
"I wish we had not left our home  
I fear the child is dead."

So to the town some one was sent  
For they know not what to do.  
And night came on, when a country boy  
Brought Marian's little shoe.  
Taking the shoe, the housekeeper  
Into the parlor ran.  
"Oh, Mistress, this is all that's left  
Of poor Miss Marian.

"T'was found in that deep miry slough  
Just above Harlam's Chase  
Poor child! I fear she's smothered there  
For 'tis a fearful place."  
Then louder grew the general grief.  
But soon their hearts were cheered,  
For a footman now with note in hand  
From the distant hall appeared.

One Aunt then read the note, and cried  
"Ah, sister, all is well  
The child is safe at Brooklawn hall  
With Lady Arundel.  
She wants to keep her for a month  
And sure I think she may;  
A friend like Lady Arundel  
Is not found every day.

"Our compliments and thanks to her,  
When you return young man.  
We'll call to-morrow at the hall  
And see Miss Marian."  
Then came a burst of grateful joy  
Which could not be suppressed;  
With thankful hearts and many tears.  
They went that night to rest.

Oh, that happy month at Booklawn hall,  
How soon it passed away,  
Faithful and kind were Marian's friends,  
And well she loved to stay.  
With earnest diligence and prayer,  
They daily sought to bring  
The little lamb to that safe fold,  
Where dwells the shepherd King.

Yes, many a lesson ne'er forgot  
The little Marian learned;  
A thoughtful and a happy child  
She to her home returned.  
Years rolled away the scene has changed.  
A wife and mother now,  
Marian has found the wicket gates  
Herself and children too.

And oh, how pleasant 'tis to see  
This little pilgrim band,  
As on toward their heavenly home  
They travel hand in hand.  
When cloudy days fall to their lot,  
They see a light afar—  
Bethlehem's plain,  
The pilgrims guiding star.

And now dear children ponder well  
This tale—though strange, yet true—  
And let our pilgrim's history  
Its lesson's read to you.  
If to your young and trustful hearts  
The grace of God is given,  
Be earnest as our Marian was  
To seek the road to Heaven.

### Childrens Department.

SPRINGBORO, OHIO, July 19th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—No doubt the young readers of the EVANGELIST think we have no children at the Miamisburg church as we have never written for the children's column. We have a very good Sabbath school, our enrollment is 109. The 8th of this month we observed children day, and our collection was \$5.04 which we sent to the secretary of the Home Mission. My mamma is my S. S. teacher. She has been having us commit to memory the names of the books of the Bible. Brother J. M. Tombaugh is our pastor, he is with us every two weeks. We little girls like him very much. I will soon be twelve years old. I will close for this time and if I see this in print will write again.

EDNA WAID.

Banta Cal., June 5th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—Since writing my last I have been to the Mid Winter fair and I saw a great many nice things, more than I can tell of. One of the many things I saw was an Esquimaux village. They were dressed in fur and had several dogs, some of which they hitched to a car and gave us a ride. The crops on the west side are not very good this year. On account of the drought many of the farmers will not get their seed and feed. I will send ten cents to Mr. Holsinger.

MILES MEYER.

Nappanee, Indiana, June 30th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have written six letters and I'm going to try and write one every month. It is harvesting time now. My papa is cutting wheat to-day. We had meeting at Union Salem a week from last Sunday. Sister Dickey preached. We had a very nice meeting. Have prayer meeting every Sunday evening providing there is no church. We had a very large crowd Sunday evening and a very interesting prayer meeting.

From your friend,  
CORA A. BECKNELL.

Twelve Mile, Ind., July 18th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am eight years old to-day. I went to visit my grandpa Mass, last Monday, and had a nice time. The

subject of last Sunday's lesson was "The visit of the wise men." These good men left their homes in the far east in search of the new born King. If we seek as earnestly for Jesus as the wise men, we shall find him. "Ask and it shall be given you. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you. Where is this scripture found?"

CLYDE MASS.

This is very good for an eight year old boy.

Twelve Mile, Ind., July 15th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—Not one of the Israelites would fight with Goliath. One day Jesse said to his son David, go to the tents of Israel and see how your brethren are. So David left his sheep with another man, and went away till he came to the hill where the tents of the Israelites were. Then he ran to look for his brothers. As he was talking, he heard a man speaking in a very loud voice, "Who will fight with me?"

BLANCHE DALZELL.

To be Continued.

North English, Iowa, July 16th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my seventh letter to the EVANGELIST this year. The Sister's Society has made a quilt. They get names for it at ten cents each. I have twenty names. My sister is going to have an ice cream-supper next Saturday night for the Sister's Society. I hope it will help the Sister's Society in raising money. My uncle John Myers baptized two members lately. I have been visiting at my aunt's. I had a nice time.

From your sister,  
ADA SANGER.

Millersburg, Iowa, July 3rd, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I will now try to tell you why it was said of Jesus, "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter etc. found in Isaiah liii, 7 also Acts viii, 32. It was said of him because he was meek and gentle as a lamb, and did not try to defend himself; "as a sheep before its shearers is dumb. Jesus was as dumb before his destroyers. "So he opened not his mouth."

EVA MILLER.

Very well answered.

July 10th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am so lonesome this afternoon. Nobody is at home only mamma and I. Papa and Ira are out in the country making hay. The other week I was out in the country, and I went on Monday and came home on Saturday afternoon. I had a fine time. I have two little chickens which I brought from the country. And if you come around about the time they are big enough I will give you fried chicken to eat. Last Sunday Brother Livengood spoke about the strikers.

ANNIE GRACE OVERCASH.

Waterloo, Iowa, July 16th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—In answer to your question, I think the reason men don't live as long as they used to, is because God said that every generation would be weaker and wiser. There are more people now than there were then. I thought I would write another Bible story about the creation. God made the earth, sky, and sea, all things in them, in six days. And all that was made was very good.

To be Continued.

EDITH LICHTY.